"For first proofs, this is an excellent job!" I said promptly. "No commercial printing shop could do better!"

The boy was happy. After he had gone, I learned from our secretary that Misha had worked for the Jewish worker organization (the Bund) since 1905 and later had volunteered to operate the printing press for the S-D party. He claimed to be eighteen years old but was probably under seventeen—a very nice lad but ill, with advanced tuberculosis and serious heart trouble. I protested against employing a sick child in an underground printing shop, but Misha insisted on his right to work for the party and it was not easy to replace him. Then I declared that I could not write for a paper printed in a shop that exploited child labor. A physician, member of our organization, intervened. After he had confirmed Misha's serious illness, it was decided to close the printing shop after the first issue of the newspaper and to let Misha have leave for rest and medical treatment.

Two days later the police raided our printing shop and Misha was arrested. The police seized the type set for the newspaper, together with manuscripts and corrected galleys. The organization stuck to its guns and immediately issued a flyer announcing that the seizure of the press would not stop the publication of *The South Russian Worker*. The leaflet was set by S-D printers in commercial printing shops, but they could not print it without attracting attention. I printed it myself in the home of a flour-mill worker, Isaac, using a rudimentary device that could hardly be called a "hand press."

The next step was to restore the printing shop. The party called on its sympathizers among the printers, and in no time they brought us more type than we could use. Meanwhile, party mechanics built a new printing press. A man was found to run it—a shy, unemployed printer, Chilkovich. He had a wife and a baby. The young mother volunteered to be shut up in the shop with the husband.

Again I wrote articles for the newspaper, received and corrected the galleys. On the eve of the newspaper's appearance I was aroused from sleep by the ringing of the doorbell. The house was surrounded by police. After my room was searched minutely, I was escorted to the prison. That same night Chilkovich and his wife were arrested at our new printing shop. The police also seized our secretary and a student who kept the party's files at his home.

The Ekaterinoslav S-D organization went out of existence.

IN THE CASTLE OF EKATERINOSLAV

The prison of Ekaterinoslav, known officially as the Castle, was a huge three-story building with a heavy round tower at each corner